

NOVEL



Composer—You sent for me, Mrs. Newrich?
Mrs. Newrich—Yes. I want you to compose a new call for our motor car hoot.

Meeting Mr. Brown

By V. Toppler

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It has never been my brother Ralph's habit to be very extravagant when it came to spending money on me, so I was rather surprised when, one morning before going downtown, he asked me if I would go to the Hippodrome, and, at first, I thought he was only joking.

"I can see that you must think there is something under this, Grace, and so there is. It is like this: You remember Charlie Brown I have spoken of?"

"Yes, but don't quite see—"

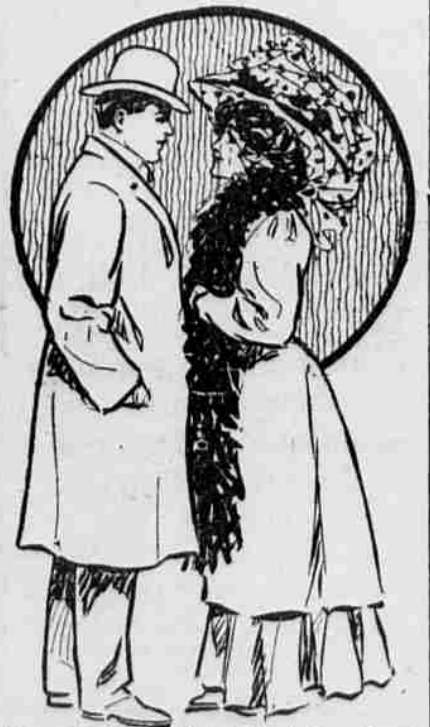
"Well, Charlie is coming to New York to-night and I want to give him a good time, and he has always been particularly anxious to meet you, I thought it a good idea to take you along to entertain him."

"I am sure I shall enjoy it."

"Well, now you leave here on the 6:30, that will take you to Grand Central at 7:05, and I will meet you there and we will both wait for Charlie, who will be on the Boston express, which gets in at 7:20. We will then have just about an hour to get dinner at the Manhattan and get to the Hippodrome in time for the show at 8:30. But now I must be off to catch my train. Do not forget—Grand Central at 7:05."

That afternoon I got a telegram from Ralph. It read:

"Will be detained by business. Cannot make Grand Central. You meet"



"Oh, That is All Right, I Am Grace Warburton."

Charlie; take him to dinner. I will be at entrance of Hippodrome at 8:30. At first I was rather put out. The idea that I should go and meet a man whom I had never seen and take him out for dinner seemed a rather out-of-the-way thing for a young girl inclined to be bashful, but after awhile the thing began to appeal to my sense of fun, so 6:30 found me on board the train for the city, but I did not arrive until 7:23 as my train was belated.

The Boston express had been on time, however, and all the passengers had gone when I ran up to the platform. No, not all—there was one young man walking up and down as if waiting for somebody.

Surely that must be Charlie Brown I thought and ran up to him, calling out: "Mr. Brown!"

The agility with which he turned around proved his identity. He looked at me in surprise.

"That is my name, but I do not have the pleasure—"

"Oh, that is all right, I am Grace Warburton, Ralph's sister, and I want to take you with me to dinner, as Ralph was delayed and will meet us later. Now we must go and have something to eat in a hurry, as we have not very much time."

He tried to say something, and looked so bewildered that I could hardly help laughing when I looked at the queer expression in his face, but would not listen to him, and we were soon seated in a restaurant opposite the depot, as the state of my finances would not allow me to take him to the Manhattan.

He insisted that he was not hungry, but I put this down to bashfulness, and insisted on ordering a steak for each of us. By a sly motion to the waitress I succeeded in getting hold of the bill, and when he wanted to pay I assured him that was altogether out of the question.

"But I insist."

"I shall not allow anything of the kind. Ralph would never forgive me if I did." He laid his hand gently on my arm.

"I should feel like a criminal if I allowed you to pay for me."

"My dear Mr. Brown, I really don't see—"

"Well, you would if you knew everything. I am here under false pretenses. I am not the man you supposed me to be."

"I haven't really had time to suppose anything about you."

"Please listen to me a moment then. I have not the slightest idea who you are or who Ralph is, and I have been wanting all the time to tell you that I am not the man you expected to meet at the Grand Central."

"Then you are not Charlie Brown from Boston?"

"No, my name is Arthur Sidney Brown, and I have always lived in New York."

I was dumfounded and blurted out: "But why are you here, then?"

"Well, I must really ask you; you simply did not give me a chance to explain or get away, and you must forgive me; I thought at first you were a girl out for a good time."

"Oh, how could you?"

"It was only for a second. I soon saw that you had made a mistake and my love of fun prevented me from setting you right. I simply could not help coming with you to see what would happen. Please forgive me! I'll bid you good night, Miss—"

"Warburton," I replied with a rather faint smile.

"Why, the name is familiar. Oh, I know. I was at Yale with a fellow of that name."

"My brother Ralph is a Yale man." "By George! Then I know him after all, though I have not met him for years. What a strange coincidence!"

"Well, in that case you had better come along. Ralph is waiting outside the Hippodrome."

When we reached there we found Ralph waiting with an insignificant-looking little fellow with glasses, whom he introduced to me as Charlie Brown. He looked rather unpleasantly at my companion, who hurried to explain matters.

"I see you do not recognize me, Ralph. I must have changed quite a little since we were at Yale together. I am Arthur Sidney Brown, and many a battle we have fought when I was a freshman and you a sophomore. I met your sister by accident to-night, and she—"

There is no more of this story except that I agreed to become Mrs. Arthur Brown in June.

YOUTHFUL MONITOR AT WORK.

Little Sister's Error Corrected by Six-Year-Old Authority.

Six-year-old Marjorie and four-year-old Josephine were making their first transcontinental trip from New York to San Francisco—and, of course, encountered new marvels at almost every turn of the trip. But the crescendo of their ecstatic outpourings was reached when they saw their first Indian families—braves, squaws and papooses.

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Josephine, gazing wild-eyed at the moccasined, gaudily blanketed squaws, "ain't those squashes just splendid, though!"

Marjorie's equally deep admiration was momentarily quenched in her feeling of responsibility as elder-sister monitor, and she eyed Josephine severely as she admonished:

"They ain't squashes, Josephine; they're squabs."

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

A POSER.



Mrs. Whim—You needn't say woman has no mechanical genius. I can do anything on earth with only a hair-pin.

Mr. Whim—Well, sharpen this lead-pencil with it.

An Experienced Walker.

Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York a walker.

"He is a walker?" someone said. "Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next race he enters, mark me, he will win."

"Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other in a puzzled voice.

Mr. Hayes laughed. "No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an \$80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."

"Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa.

"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$50 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Urge Use of Horseflesh.

Some hospital physicians are urging that horseflesh be more freely used as being not only cheaper than beef, but more tender and digestible. If dried and reduced to a powder it becomes almost tasteless.

Many Women Praise This Remedy. If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Good harvests make men prodigal, but bad ones provident.—W. Penn.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of J. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.

A HIGH WIND.



Giles—They have very high winds in Ameriky.

Brown—Yes, they do.

Giles—There's a bit in the papers I read this morning about a safe being blown open there.—London Mail.

Not Fair.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children you spend your whole time hunting 'possums!'"

The old negro hung his head.

"Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah suttinly does!"

"And your children?"

"Yes, suh!"

"And you love them both better—"

"Better ev'ry day, jedge!" Abe broke in.

"—better than a thousand 'possums?"

"Look hyah, jedge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"—Bohemian Magazine.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notified of Mail Delivery.

For use on rural delivery routes a letter box has an electric attachment which gives the alarm in the house some distance away when mail matter has been deposited within by the carrier.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

He who thinks only of himself hasn't any too much to think about.

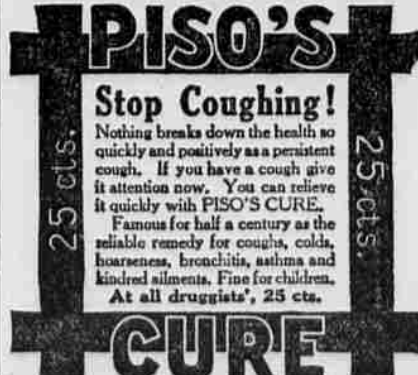
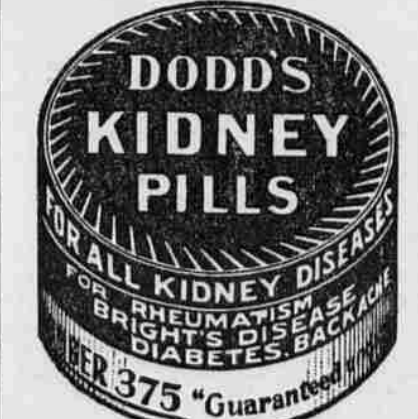
It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Paste for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty callous aching feet. 25c all Druggists.

Sometimes a woman is known by the company she avoids.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.



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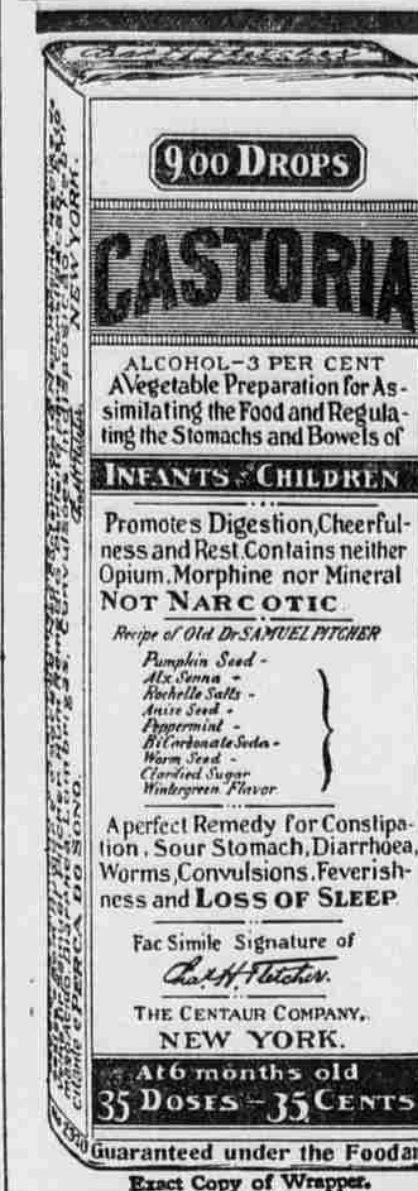
25 cts. 25 cts.

Why Joyner Left Home. "Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright supreme hocus-pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls. "I am," said the candidate, firmly. "Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzz-saw, close your eyes and repeat after me—" Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, 30 miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, 69 miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

A Lost Chance.

Dashaway—How much money has Miss Spiller got?

Clevertown—I don't know. I've never been enough in love with her to find out.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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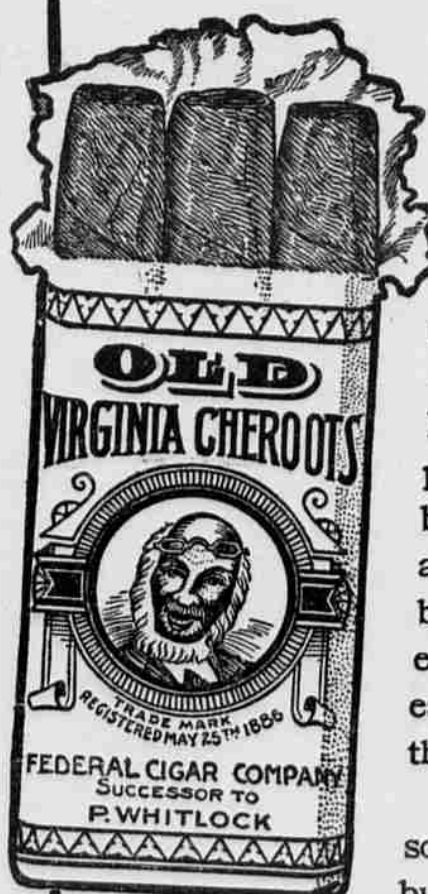
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Thirty Years

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OLD VIRGINIA CHERROOTS

Are 5c cigars without the heads Therefore 3 for 5 cents



Not only extra good—they are clean. Made of absolutely pure, clean tobacco by modern systematic methods in the biggest, airiest, best-equipped and cleanest cigar factory in the world.

No wonder they're so good. 5 cents buys 3.

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